

Scallops (edited version)

Micah Frenkiel

Eerily soon
I'd be old enough to give someone money
to draw something on me and have it
never wash off in the pool— And so,
I thought about getting
a scrabble piece, the lines of one,
on my ankle
on an afternoon in August
after work at my first ever job,
where I perspired
doggedly and all over
Dior garment bags and
carried them like dead bodies
up Hudson Street
where the agents would only be
wearing wide-legged pants,
Postmate-ing arugula salads and
savoring the garnishes
until five,

which would happen to all of us in fifteen
minutes.

And when it did and if we weren't there for
it,
they'd all be too furious to ask about
where specifically
the Dior and I had been
that had prevented us
from being
where we were supposed to,
but if they *had* asked,
I would have been honest
in telling them
that we were busy being assaulted
during a power outage
on the C train
by someone's selfish and
untimely flatulence,
and I would have told them about how
even before the assault,
I had already been thinking,
foolishly,
that there was *no way*
I could have wanted to be there
any less.